So many greedy lookes of young and old,
Through Casements darted their desiring eyes
Vpon his visage; and that all the walles
With painted Imagery had sayd at once,
Iesu preserve thee, welcome *Bullingbrooke*.
Whil'st he, from one side to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower then his proud Steeds necke,
Bespake them thus: I thanke you Countri-men;
And thus still doing, thus he past along.

Dutch. Alas poore *Richard*, where rides he the whilst?

Yorke. As in a Theater, the eyes of men
After a well grac'd Actor leaves the stage,
Are idlely bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious.
Even so, or with much more contempt, mens eyes
Did scowle on *Richard*; no man cride, God save him;
No joyfull tongue gave him his welcome home,
But dust was throwne upon his sacred head,
Which with such gentle sorrow he shooke off,
His face still combating with teares and smiles
(The badges of his greefe and patience)
That had not God (for some strong purpose) steel'd
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
And Barbarisme it selfe have pittied him.
But Heaven hath a hand in these events,
To whose high will we bound our calme contents,
To *Bullingbrooke*, are we sworne Subjects now,
Whose State, and Honour, I for aye allow.

Enter Aumerle.

Dut. Heere comes my sonne *Aumerle*.

Yor. *Aumerle* that was,
But that is lost, for being *Richards* Friend.
And Madam, you must call him *Rutland* now;
I am in Parliament pledge for his truth,
And lasting fealty to the new-made King.

Dut. Welcome my sonne; who are the Violets now,
That strew the greene lap of the new-come Spring?

Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not;
God knowes, I had as liefe be none as one.

Yor. Well, beare you well in this new-spring of time,
Least you be cropt before you come to prime. (umphs?
What news from Oxford? Hold those Iusts and Tri-

Aum. For ought I know my Lord, they doe.

Yor. You will be there I know.

Aum. If God prevent not, I purpose so.

Yor. What seale is that that hangs without thy bosome
Yea, look'st thou pale? Let me see the writing.

Aum. My Lord, 'tis nothing.

Yor. No matter then who sees it,
I will be satisfied, let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech your Grace to pardon me,
It is a matter of small consequence,
VVhich for some reasons I would not have seene.

Yor. VVhich for some reasons sir, I meane to see:
I feare, I feare.

Dut. VVhat should you feare?
'Tis nothing but some Bond, that he is entred into
For gay apparrell against the Triumph.

Yor. Bound to himselfe? what doth he with a bond
That he is bound to? wife, you are a foole.
Boy, let me see the writing.

Aum. I doe beseech you pardon me, I may not shew it.

Yor. I will be satisfied, let me see't I say. *Snatches it.*
Treason, foule treason, villaine, traytor, slave.

Dut. VVhat's the matter, my Lord?

Yor. Hoa, who's within there; saddle my horse,
Heaven for his mercy what treachery is here?

Dut. Why, what is't my Lord?

Yor. Give me my boots, I say; Saddle my horse:
Now by my honour, my life, my troth.
I will appeach the villaine.

Dut. What is the matter?

Yor. Peace foolish woman.

Dut. I will not peace, what is the matter sonne?

Aum. Good mother be content, it is no more
Then my poore life must answer.